

THE

Continuation

of the

HERMIT

by
D^r. Beattie

Set to Music

with an Accompaniment for the

PIANO FORTE VIOLIN or HARP,

by

Tomaso Giordani

Op: 20

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THE HERMIT.

by D^r. Beattie.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the Nightingale's Song in the grove :
'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rung symphonious, a Hermit began;
No more with himself or with nature at war,
He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man .

"Ah why, all abandon'd to darknefs and woe,
 "Why, lone Philomela, that languifhing fall ?
 "For Spring fhall return, and a lover beftow,
 "And forrow no longer thy bofom inthral.
 "But, if pity inſpire thee, renew the ſad lay,
 "Mourn ſweeteſt complainer, man calls thee to mourn;
 "O ſooth him, whoſe pleaſures like thine paſs away,
 "Full quickly they paſs — but they never return.

"Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
"The moon half extinguish'd her crescent displays:
"But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high
"She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
"Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
"The path that conducts thee to splendor again,
"But man's faded glory what change shall renew!
"Ah fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

"Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more;
 "I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
 "For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
 "Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, & glittering with dew.
 "Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
 "Kind nature the embryo blofsom will fave.
 "But when fhall Spring vifit the mouldering urn!
 "O when fhall it dawn on the night of the grave!"

A Continuation being the contents of this Book

'Twas thus, by the glare of false science betray'd,
That leads, to bewilder; and dazzles to blind;
My thoughts wout to roam, from shade onward to shade,
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind .
"O pity great Father of light", then I cry'd,
"Thy creature who fain would not wander from thee!
"Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride:
"From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free"

'And darkness and doubt are now flying away .
'No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn .
'So breaks on the traveller, faint; and astray,
'The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn .
'See truth, love, and mercy, in triumph descending,
'And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom !
'On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are
blending,
'And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb ?

Larghetto

f. *p.* *hr*

'Twas thus by the glare of false science be -

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